BABY'S BEDTIME SONG.

Eway to and fro in the twilight gray, This is the ferry for Shadowtown; It always sails at the end of day, Just as the darkness is closing down. Rest, little head, on my shoulder, so, A sleepy kiss is the only fare;

Drifting away from the world we go, Baby and I, in a rocking chair See, where the fire logs glow and spark, Glitter the lights of Shadowiand; The pelling rains on the window, hark! Are ripples inpoing upon its strand.

There where the mirror is glancing dim. A lake with its shimmering cool and still; soms are waving above its be-Those over there on the window sill.

Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light, Silently lower the anchor down;

Dear little passenger, say good night,

We've reached the harber of Shadowtown. -Frederick News.

MY JOURNEY TO TEXAS.

FORT LINCOLM, SANTANA, Vegus county, Tex., April 2, 1879.—Dear Elsie: I ventured to suggest a year ago to our respected sister, Lavinia, that it would do you no harm and some others a great
deal of good, if you spent a summer with me. You
remember the answer? You were delicate, Texas
was the land of chills, and I was not a fit person
to be guardian of so irrepressible a subject as my
small but obstraperous sister. What you wished
did not appear until it was too late, so my plans
were ruthlessly crushed and Lavinia triumided. sly crushed and Lavinia triumphed. This time I write to you, not Lavinia. You are 19, my dear, and if an American woman is ever going to have her own way she begins at 19. Will you come this year? And will you come at once? The come this year? And will you come at once? The will wants you, I want you, and as for she boy, to see "Aint Essie" is the dearest wish of his heart. 'I do not expect a faronable reply. I have too much respect for the power of Lavinia's will and authority. Yet thus letter shall go. Your loving brokher.

Approon Wrysz.

18 S. I you want have the representation with a will be sufficient to the proper that the writer will be sufficient.

loving brokher.

P. S.—If you can defy the powers that be, write at once, so that I may meet you at Santana. The cars will carry you there. I will come as far as Hobart Junction if I can. Are you afraid of the journey?

A. W. Would I go? Of course I would. Did the foolish boy think there was only one will in the family? The dear old fellow, if he really wanted his useless, frivolous minded little sister, he should certainly have her. Lavinia was shocked at the

idea, of course, but it was of no use. I said I must go, and went. I sent word, as I was told, the next day, and two weeks later I was rolling out of Chicago in a sleeper of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railway, speeding westwards, fairly embarked upon a journey of five days and five nights on the cars and a thirty mile drive

How I was watched and cared for and waited upon by the railway soficials. Conductors of trains have faultsplicappose, but they were very good tourne. They got my tickets; they told one; where to change; they brought me coffeeraid until 1 got to Hobart Junction, where I hoped to find Addison, I mightybave been-I really was surrounded by dn army of protectors and friends. I looked anxiously up and down the platform at

alone. Assuredly I was capable of con- ing down upon me with the grimmest veying myself lifty, and he would not expression I had ever seen. fail to be at Santana. So there was nothing to worry about. Nevertheless, when I found that there was only one day car | sive word, going on from Hobart, that I was to be roughly dressed person, with a hairy drewback to give us room, and stared

lieve?" I replied with dignity that the fully ugly man, with a very dirty face commandant of the fort was my broth- and still dirtier hands-a wicked looking closed my eyes and pretended to slum- him as if they were old acquaintances. ber. This hint was sufficient, and to my great joy, after another prolonged stare, the man went about his business. When I was quite sure of this I opened my eyes and looked about me. It was a of the fact, and stared very hard at me very shabby car; badly furnished, badly lighted and badly ventilated; a smell of stale tobacco smoke about it, which to ask, just for something to say. made me feel quite sick. I became very cross and gloomy. Addison ought to have met me before this. He knew I was alone, and must be aware what an emigrant car was like. Perhaps this comfortable rate. A horrible state of was a practical joke-he always liked things! practical jokes-and he hoped to frighten me. Well, he had not done that, at to do?" any rate. There was nothing to be frightened about.

The men in the car scarcely noticed hours,' me at all, and though my conductor was gruff, his face was not forbidding—and am bungry; but I want to know how I he knew Addison. Soothed by these am to get to Fort Lincoln." thoughts I closed my eyes in good earnest and tried to sleep. I was accustomed to traveling now, and soon hear it, and without further ceremony dropped into an uneasy doze and began ushered me into the house, through one to dream. I dreamed of a face I had long room full of men with a stove in not seen for a long, long while-the the middle of it, a liquor bar, and sevface of an old schoolfellow, Eric Proctor eral small tables, to a small room behind, by name, who had gone out west some where there were heaps of blankets scattime ago, and was often mentioned by tered about a rough bedstead, one chair Addison in his letters. Eric was a nice and a table. boy before he went west, a clumsy, over-

The Verdict

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tion, Indigestion, or Piles, try Ayer's Pills,

PREFABED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lewell, Mass. Sold by all Denomists and Deniers in Medicine. | street heart.

good naturell, with a great need of yel-low hair, and simple, honest, blue eyes. I don't know why I dreamed of Eric now; perhaps it was because do, his face haggard and worn.

my hand, led me sway until we were out of sight of the station, and then lifted me auto a home, which had appeared that I was aware of their scrutiny; but from I don't know where, and we were the feeling of being watched was very galloping away at a tremendous pace. I unpleasant, and I felt that I would not begged him to let me go, but he shock his head and spurred on faster. I began All at once he stopped with a sharp jerk, and with a cry flung me Fort Lincoln before sundown. away, and I felt myself falling, falling as

if from some great height-and awoke, The train was still. We had pulled up at a wayside station to water the engine, and I was shivering with the chill air. The dawn was at hand, and I slipped out of the train and walked briskly down to warm myself, and by the time the wants of the engine were satisfied the sun was rising, and I began to recover

At last a short, bluff whistle from the engine, like the bark of some giant dog, a movement among the passengers, and a jarring sensation beneath my feet. The goal of my desire was not far off. Now the door of the car was opened wide, and the conductor, who had kept away from me all the journey, came in from the baggage van to take tickets. Mine was the last. He examined it with unnecessary deliberation, and then delivered himself of the following ominous Temark:

"Now, say, why didn't ye write the colonel that you were comin?" The familiarity of this address would

have disgusted me at any ordinary time, but now I began to feel miserably anxious. "I did write," I replied breathlessly, "He will be at the station to meet me."

The rejoinder came as sharply as the ping of an arrow. I jumped up with a lump in my throat, and looked out of

the window. The train had stopped and most of the passengers were leaving it. There was no station or depot here, only a rough platform on one side of the line, with "Santana" painted in tipsy black letters on the rail, and a solitary log house a few yards away with "Postoffice" in white letters on the door. Yet this was undoubtedly my destination, and the conductor was right-Addison had not come. There were several rough, red faced creatures loanging on the platform, wearing broad brimmed hats, great riding boots and prominent spurs; there were our passengers disappearing one by one into the log bouse in search Hobart, but, alas! no Addison was to be Wynne. What could have happened? I of breakfast, but there was no Col. Well, I had come more than 1,000 miles and met the eyes of the conductor lookturned from the window with a gasp,

> Well?" he said, with an exasperating interrogatory inflection on that expres-

"He cannot have received my letter." the only weman on board, and that the I observed, hurriedly, trying to keep my pace at which we were to travel would voice clear and steady, while the lump not be more than ten miles an hour, be- in my throat grew and grew, and I cause the track was unsafe, my heart wanted to cry very badly indeed. To sank a little, I confess, for it was 2 avert this catastrophe, I suggested that o'clock in the morning, and I was very, my belongings should be removed from very tired. There was a change of con- the train. The conductor instantly beductors, too-a change for the worse, came brisk and helpful, and we were The "boss" of this train was a large, soon passing by the red faced men, who who stared at me as he arranged with great round, stupid eyes, as if they my baga and wraps upon a seat in front had never seen a girl in a gray ulster bein a way that was scarcely polite and not fore. We went straight to the posteffice, at all reassuring. When he had finished and were met by the postmaster before his work he growled out in a gruff voice: we reached the door. He was a tall, Going to Fort Lincoln this trip, I be- dark man, with only one eye: a dreader, and then, leaning back in my seat, man, I thought. The conductor greeted

> "Seen Col. Wynne lately, Hank?" "A week ago-came for his mail." "This is his sister." Mr. Hank nodded as if he were aware

with his one ove. "Is-is my brother here?" I ventured

"He's at the fort, miss. "And how far off is that?"

"Thirty mile-bee line," My heart began to beat at a very un-

"Would you kindly advise me what "Breakfast," struck in the conductor

decidedly. "You've eat nothing for ten

This question was not to be answered

at once. Neither of the man seemed to

"Sit down," said the postmaster, pointgrown youth, but very amiable and ing to the chair. I obeyed, feeling very forlorn and helpless. It was a dreadful position to be in. There did not seem to be a woman anywhere. I was thirty miles from my brother, with no visible means of reaching him; and this dreadful one eyed man was master of the situation. A whispered colloquy, lasting several minutes, now took place between the postmuster and the conductor, after cuers swept over the hill, and the danger which the former, whose name I subsequently discovered to be Mr. Hank Wybrow, turned to me and cleared his threat as though he were about to address a

"There's but two things to be done, fix on which road smits ye best. Kunnel and made ready for use. The poor Wynne don't expect you, I reckon, so you'll have to hunt him, or send and git him to come for yew. I can't poke up looked dreadfully fierce. On they came. much accommodation here, and there ain't a woman nearer than the fort just now; but if you lect to stay I'll fix what I may to-night and send a boy to the kunnel. If this sin't good enough I'll with a wagen to take ye there. Think it out, will ye? while I dish breakfast, and a face that I knew. It was Eric's, pale

let me know your mind in an hour." Mr. Wybrow for his offers and was able to bid farewell to the conductor, who had another ten miles to travel, with a my fingers positively ached, I was in

It did not take me long to make up my mind. I cannot say that I relished the idea of athirty mile drive with a stranger, but while breakfast was in course of he was the only person I knew in preparation a little incident happened Texas besides the family; but I did that made this difficulty seem a very dream of him very vividly. I thought I small one, The room I was in was lighted had arrived at Santana, and found him by one square window not far from the on the platform instead of Addison. He ground, and after the postmaster had looked very much older than he used to left the room I saw three pairs of eyes. belonging to the rough faces of some of He did not speak to me, but, taking the men I had seen on the platform, staring fixedly at me. They disappeared with great quickness when they saw pass a night at Santana on any account.

Mr. Wybrow appeared relieved when to feel cold and queer, as if he were I told him this, and when he brought up made of ice and were freezing me. breakfast introduced a man who owned a wagon, and guaranteed to arrive at

I can see the fellow now, though it is ten years since that day. A very thin man, of middle height, dressed in neat. brown canvas clothes. His hair was as if it were bound with rope. He had a small, round head, a flat nose, brown eyes, rather dull and expressionless, very high cheek bones and thick lips. An ner and speech, with a soft, well modulated voice. He was inclined; be bald, stooped in his gait, and seemed a rather stupid and altogether insignificant kind of a person. A "doctor of medicine," he called himself, and added with some dignity that he was a "friend of Col. Wynne's."

I trusted him. His quiet voice was a relief after the harsh speech of Mr. Wybrow, and my one object in life just then was to get away from those horrible staring eyes. In less than an hour I was by his side jolting along the Fort Lincoln road behind a stout team of mules.

I cannot remember now how far we went before I began to feel nervous and uncomfortable. I know that it was a long way, for I remember congratulating myself upon having left Santana, because my companion told me that the safe postmaster had been murdered by cowboys a week or two ago-and this was doubtless how my letter miscarried -and that the station was known to be one of the worst haunts for rowdies in the county. But the time came at length when he fell quite silent, and I then found that whenever I turned my head rested upon my face. Oh, how terrible and more helpless and unnerved every

When he perceived my fears he boldly dry and parched, and my tongue seemed

muscles were of steel. Suddenly he relaxed his hold and stood still, and his flushed face became color- the body will be consigned to the flames less and livid, as if I had accomplished my desire and he was dying. Then he let me go, starting from me as if I were some poisonous thing; and, dropping on his knees, he bent his head to the ground ly with the expression of some hunted beast of prey. I stared at him dumfounded for a moment, feeling very gidhad heard. We were in a hollow bemy unaccustomed ears now caught a the Rockies on broncos. Suddenly we low, rumbling thunder, becoming louder reached a high elevation, and below us ing horses. It came from behind; some one had followed us. Whoever it might be, the wretched man who had betraved his trust was likely to get short shrift. through the valley ran a clear and lim He knew it well, and now threw himself | pid stream. on his knees at my feet, muttering in a hoarse whisper:

I was willing to do that much as I severe reaction, and almost too much

"They are cowboys; they've heard your call. They'll tear me in pieces if con drop. Don't! Oh, my God! my

I set my teeth hard. I would not yield to my weakness. Bad as his intentions were, I could not let him be killed. With a great effort I managed somehow to keep my head steady, and then my res-

Twelve mounted men were there, riding at a tearing gallop, with free bridle rein. They gave a tremendous shout when they saw us, and there was a great flash of steel and silver, as twelve revolvers sprang from sheath and were cocked wretch at my feet buried his face in his hands and croucised in terror, and I felt very nervous indeed, for these cowboys. silent now; many of them with hare knives between their teeth. No wonder this guilty creature was in despair. I went forward to meet them, and was about to speak, when a hat waved wildand stern, as I had seen thin my dream, This was very fainly said. I thanked but handsomer, very much handsomer; anfe keening new Indeed!

Jood-morning Have you used PEARS'SOAP?

I have a little more to tell. It took no Eric's influence and my entreaties to save the wretched man. But it was done in very smooth, parted in the middle and | the end, and we were soon on our way carried back behind his ears as tightly to the fort. There I found out that the very cowboys I had dreaded so much at Santana were instrumental in causing the timely arrival of the rescue party. They had their suspicions, and when ugly man, yet quiet and modest in man- Eric-who rode into Santana half an hour after I left it-said he should fellow me, they volunteered to a man.

I may pass over Addisor's astonish ment when we arrived at the fort. He had never received my letter. We had a most joyful time that day; but I think what interested me most were some words I overheard Addison say to Eric Proctor: "You must stay at least a month with us. We don't often see you, and now that Elsie is here!"-

Eric did stay; and I am bound to admit that he made the most of his time. Before I went back to Chicago we were engaged to be married.-English Illustrated Magazine.

Chinese Conception of Hell.

In this department of The Saturday Republic we gave a description of hellus seen in the mind's eye of the Japanese Below will be found the Chinaman's idea of the same torrid clime: The sixth court of hell is situated at

the bottom of the great ocean north of Wuchio rock. It is a vast, noisy generma. many leagues in extent, and around it are sixteen wards, or ante-hells. In the first ward the sinful soul is made to kneel to view the prairie about us his eyes for long periods on hot iron shots; in the second they are placed up to their necks it was! I edged away from him to the in fibh; in the third they are pounded farthest corner of the seat, and felt more till the blood runs out; in the fourth their and more helpiess and unnerved every mouths are opened with red hot pinchers moment. The suspense did not last long. and filled with needles; in the fifth they are inclosed in a net of thorns and nipped raised his eyes and looked at me with a | by poisonous locusts; in the seventh the smile of the most borrible kind. Then flesh and bones are crushed to a jelly he laughed softly a dry, hard laugh. I all except the head; in the eighth the tried to speak now, but my throat was head is denuded of skin, and the flesh beaten on the raw; in the ninth the paralyzed. He laughed again, louder, mouth is filled with fire; in the tenth and, stopping quickly, pulled up the the pounded fiesh off of the body is mules with a jerk. I knew what was licked and reasted by sulphurous flames, coming now, and, before he could touch in the eleventh the nostrils are subjected sprang from the wagon. He fol- to all loathsome smells known to their lowed me with the swift, silent move- tormentors; in the twelfth they are to be ment of a snake, and as I turned to meet butted by rams, oxen and butfaloes, and him, for I could not run, he laughed for at last subject to crushing pressure by the third time. The sound roused me. being trampled by horses; in the thir I tried to seize his throat with both hands, teenth the heart will be taken out and I felt that I could kill him for that laugh. skinned; in the fourteenth the skull will But, oh! the weakness of a woman! be rubbed with sandstone until it has Why are we not as strong as men? He been entirely worn from the jellyfike caught my wrists in his hard, brown mass which was once the body; in the fingers. My arms were forced back, pow- fifteenth the body will be separated in erless and helpiess, as if held in iron the middle and carried with the bare, bands. I screamed now in good earnest bleeding ends sitting on redhot plates, and struggled against him with all my to the sixteenth ward, where the skin strength and soul, and all the time I felt will be removed, dried and rolled up, his grip grow tighter and tighter. His after having written upon it all the sinful deeds done by the soul while an in habitant of the fleshy body; after that -St. Louis Republic.

The Westerner Ahead. He was a tall, lanky westerner, and he stood vesterday afternoon in the Tremon and listened. When he rose to his fact house talking with several new acquainta moment later he recled and staggered ances. He was a good talker, and they like a drunken man, looking at me wild- enjoyed listening to him. One of the party had just told a tale of a wonderfully perfect mirage be had once witnessed, and the westerner thought it was dy and sick, and then I knew what he his next lead, so he said: "Talking of illusions, I want to tell you of one in my tween two rolls of prairie, and could not own experience. I think it beats them see far on either side, but sound carries all. An old partner of mine was with John Davidson, Pioneer Lumberman a long way in this country, and even me at the time, and we were riding over every instant—the flying hoofs of gallop- in a sort of a basin, we saw the most ESTABLISHED :-: IN :-: 1870. beautiful and fertile valley imaginable The grass was green, the trees full of rich feliage and singing birds, and

"We needed water and we made the "We needed water and we made the office and yards on Mosley arenus, between descent. I tried to slake my thirst from | Douglas avenue and First sirect. Strain, but to my astonishment I! Douglas avenue and First sirect. Strain, but to my astonishment I! "Come back to the wagon. They'll the stream, but to my astonishment I murder me in cold blood else, before found the stream petrified. It was clear, your eyes. I swear I was only fooling. and we could see petrified fish below the I had not a wrong thought in my heart. surface. Turning around I saw that our broncos were stamping furiously. The grass that they had attempted to cat was loathed the creature, for he had not hurt also petrified, and investigation proved me; but I could not go back to the that the trees and foliage were petrified. queer; the sensation of safety, after the limbs." The listeners and been exchangharrible tension a minute ago, was a ing significant glances during this won derful lie recital. "How about the birds for me. The poor wretch saw this, and singing which you spoke of?" asked one his muttered supplication rose to a bit-ter cry. "They were singing pet-ter cry. "They were singing pet-rified songs," answered the westerner, and he strolled away, leaving the party to wonder whether he meant "White Wings," or "Down Went McGinty."-Chicago Herald.

> A curiotis pear shape," watch attached to a chatcleine has covers of mettled red enamel that opens like butterfly's wings

A clever hand at figures says: Twelve thousand vehicles, a quarter of them outribuses, pass through the Strand in the day, and the narrowness of the street causes each of their 68,000 occupants to waste on an average three minutes. The total waste of time equals 2,150 hours, the money value of which, at the very moderate rate of one shilling an hour, is £157 per day, or over £47,000 per annum —London Court Journal.



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